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A TALE OF THE PASSIONS.

On the east coast of Scotland, there is a pleasant little village, within a quarter of a mile of the sea, chiefly inhabited by fishermen. Of this place I was, about thirty years ago, an inhabitant; and as I am fond of observing the lights and shades in character among the lower class, where in general concealment of the natural disposition is least practised, I quickly got acquainted with my humble neighbours. It was thus not long before I knew the history, and could estimate the feelings of many individuals, who, though unknown to fame, passed not away without leaving a moral lesson behind them. In most small communities, there is some one who is singled out by their fellows as possessing some advantage over them, which is either real or imaginary. Among the dwellers in this sequestered spot, there was an old woman, named Margaret Dun, who was honoured by a celebrity arising from a cause which will be at once acknowledged to come under the head of the latter. I have said honoured, but it may be doubted whether the term is properly applied, when it is told, that, instead of the name I have mentioned, that of *Peg the Witch* was more frequently applied to her. How she first acquired her reputation as an emissary of Satan, I could not learn. Probably it was from her sagacity in frequently prophesying about her neighbours' concerns what came to pass, and from her possessing a bold determined spirit, which seldom failed to carry her through any enterprise in which she engaged, and which caused her to be more prosperous in her domestic concerns than is generally the fate of those in her class who do not possess the same energy of mind. Be this as it may, the light in which she was regarded by the people around her, made her view their ignorance with scorn, not unmixed with resentment, and had the effect of confining her sympathies within the narrow boundary of her own family, where she ruled with an undisputed and despotic sway. But though her authority over her children was imperious, it was in general cheerfully obeyed, for she was neither peevish nor sullen in her intercourse with them, and had always attended so diligently to all their wants, that they both loved and respected her.

At the time I first became acquainted with this woman, she had recently lost some of her children, and her family then consisted only of two sons and her husband. John Dun, the gudeman, was a mason by trade, and considered so clever at his business, that there was hardly a house or onstead erected for many miles round without his aid. Being thus much employed at a distance from home, his wife became the entire manager of the money earned by his industry, and laid it out so judiciously, that his cottage exhibited many little comforts unknown in those of his less fortunate neighbours. This was so apparent to all, that it excited a degree of envy, which continued to account for it in the old way; and many were the rumours that reached her ears of the effect of the supernatural gifts with which she was supposed to be endowed. Indignant at their folly, and wearied by their obstinate adherence to it, she at length determined to use her imputed character as a means of making the whole village subservient to her will; nor was there one individual who had the hardihood to resist it. I have no doubt but much of this strange influence was owing to the peculiar situation of the place, and the occupation of its inhabitants, whose bread was procured on the face of the mighty deep. Sailors in general are prone to superstition, and it is in vain that the well-educated and firm-minded among them deny the charge. The waters of the sea are as a mighty veil

thrown over innumerable mysteries; and where is the sailor or the fisherman who has not in fancy, amid a lonely watch, had it partially lifted, and some of them revealed to him—who has not held some communication with the world beneath him, and is thus led to believe that there are more "things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the philosophy" of landsmen? The superstition of the ignorant leads to a belief in charms and amulets, and none of Margaret's neighbours would venture to sea without having about his person a piece of the mountain-ash, or, as it is more usually called in Scotland, the rowan-tree, which flourished in her little garden. Happy was the man who received this valuable boon from her own hand, for then a portion of her good-will was supposed to go with this potent charm, which ensured him a prosperous voyage and a boatful of fish, some of which he seldom failed to appropriate to her use. In short, had Margaret's disposition been greedy, she might have exacted from her poor neighbours all her living; but she contented herself with now and then receiving voluntary gifts, and only hinting to the small farmers in the neighbourhood that they might bring her home a sack or two of coals on their carts from the pits, free of the costs of carriage. At the time of casting peats, a similar hint was given, and each one at the moss contributed a share toward the stack destined for her use.

Thus things went on for some years till her eldest son attained the age of 20, and her youngest, of 17 years, and she lost her husband, who was killed by a fall from a building. Her eldest son now took the place of his father, for both he and his brother had been bred to their father's business, and the son and apprentice of so good a workman did not fail to find employment. Still his winnings, it may be supposed, were not equal to his father's. This, however, was no source of discontent to his mother, as long as they were all poured into her lap, and as long as she was obeyed, and her absolute sway still submitted to. But the time came when each succeeding week showed her, in some instance, that a change in the disposition of her first-born was rapidly taking place; and as she watched him with a jealous eye, she saw him gradually beginning to assert his independence as the chief supporter of the family. While her husband lived, she had ruled her sons with unquestioned authority, nor ever seemed to dream of any change taking place in her right of control. James now no longer owned this authority as to his movements, but took work near or at a distance, just as it suited his fancy, without asking her consent; and when reproved by his mother, and threatened with her severe displeasure, he got angry, and so far forgot himself as to threaten in return. This was something altogether new to the imperious spirit of the widowed woman, whose will had so seldom been disputed. It seemed more bitter to her than if all the rest of mankind had risen up against her, that the son who used to submit, without reply, to all her mandates, should break through the trammels of the strict government to which she had subjected him from infancy, and brave all at once her utmost displeasure. It was too much for the indulged and haughty spirit of one who had, in her humble sphere, reigned in-doors and out; and though these struggles for the mastery between her and her eldest son lasted for a while, they became at length too violent to admit of their dwelling together. James did not, however, leave his mother's house without regret. Though he possessed too much of her own evil pride to confess it, and endeavoured to salve his conscience for taking so rash a step, by persuading himself that he was forced to it by his mother's

harshness, yet, had he understood and done justice to her feelings, he would not have wounded them so deeply; he would have recollected that much of the stern manner of which he complained had been the result of the peculiar situation in which she had been placed, for he was not ignorant of the aspersions which it pleased her foolish neighbours to cast upon her. He would also have felt, that, if she had ruled her children strictly, she had ever shown that she loved them with an intensity, out of which, in fact, their present quarrels had arisen; for she was tormented with a jealous fear that she had lost her influence over his heart as well as over his conduct. Something of all this did come across and smite the conscience of James, after he had quitted his mother's house, and he returned to tell her, that though he could not live with her any longer, it was his intention to give her half of his wages. This offer was, however, rejected by the misguided mother, with scorn and acrimony, as a bounty which was to be doled forth to her by a son who was voluntarily forsaking her, and depriving her, in her old age, of his society and protection; and, full of this bitter feeling, she exhausted every epithet of contumely and reproach, until the young man, who, I have said, possessed but too much of her own unhallowed spirit, was so exasperated, that he rushed from under the roof where he had drawn his first breath, with an oath never to enter beneath it again. Little, alas! did he dream of the dark future, or of the fate that was once more to place him under its shelter; and as little did the mother anticipate the burden of woe she was laying up in store for herself, while giving way to her evil pride—that unhallowed passion, with which no Christian virtue can dwell, and which blights alike the intercourse of mortals with heaven and with earth. Three years passed away without any reconciliation taking place between James and his offended mother, in whose heart there still rankled the deepest resentment against him. But during the third year, this hostility was less painful, as he removed from the village, in consequence of obtaining a large and lucrative job about thirty miles distant from the coast.

It was in one of my solitary rambles by the sea-side, that I encountered Margaret some time after her eldest son left the village. She was sitting on a little grassy hillock, under the shelter of a hedge, which grew wildly over the spot. At some little distance, on the sea-beach, I perceived a number of women and children, who had assembled there for the purpose of procuring fuel. While the women were digging up the stubborn roots of the whin, the elder children were every now and then bringing portions of them, which they reared in little heaps on the grass round the place where Margaret sat, her share of the task being to direct them in the dividing of the roots into pieces of a convenient size for carrying home, and to pick out what she chose for herself.

I had been in the habit of visiting Margaret's cottage for some years, and now greeting her as an acquaintance, I sat down beside her. This woman had been handsome in her youth, and now, at the age of nearly sixty, was yet so, in as far as she still retained her tall form unbent, and her dark eye undimmed, while her coal-black hair was but slightly grizzled. After the first salutations had passed, I remarked that I had not seen her youngest son for some time, and inquired where he was, when she informed me he had gone some distance up the country to build dykes for a gentleman who lived near, but had a distant farm, and gave him the mast of his work when at home. "And this being the case," she continued, "I could not refuse to let him go; but I have had

many an eerie night since he left me; for when he is at home, I never get leave to weary." Here I remarked what a fine-looking young man he had grown, and that I was happy to hear he was so good a son. Margaret fixed upon me her keen eyes, which sparkled with delight. "Ay," she said, "is not my Willie a gallant youth? he is six feet high, and not out twenty years of age yet. He may match any gentle in the land for look part, and is as gude as he is bonny; and weel does he make up to me for all I hae lost. O," she continued with fervour, "he is husband, and son, and daughter to me; may God bless him for it."

Every look and tone of voice roused for the truth of what she said, and told that she had set up this youth as the idol of her heart, and given him there that place which it is sin to bestow on one of earthly mould. All recollection of her eldest son seemed to have passed away from her mind, for she never, as I was informed, alluded to him on any occasion. I ventured, nevertheless, to ask where James was, and to express a hope that they were better friends. As I uttered these words, she rose up, with her face flushed, and her eyes flashing with anger, and, giving me an indignant glance, she said haughtily, "Hardly any body is sae unceivil as to mention him to me."

Grieved to see that she still cherished this implacable spirit, but no way daunted by her displeasure, I still went on. "Nay, do not be angry with me for interfering. I did but speak in the hope of hearing that you were reconciled to him, and had repented of what I could not help considering your harsh conduct to a son who always seemed really well inclined, and had the character in the main of being both dutiful and affectionate."

"And wha," she said, erecting her tall person, and looking me sternly in the face, "shall take upon them to judge the ill-used and disappointed mother—her wha brought him into the world wi' mickle pain and risk o' life; and nourished him at her breast wi' toil and watchfu' care; and prided her heart in him, as he grew to be a man; and thought to hae him aye beside her to look upon, and be her lamp o' light in the darkness o' her age? Wha, I say, shall dare to say to me, repent: or judge me for my rightfu' displeasure?"

"Surely, Margaret," I said earnestly, "we must forgive before we can hope to be forgiven. Nor do I doubt that James would humble himself to ask your pardon, did you give him any hope that you would grant it."

"Na, na," she said, with a smile of bitter irony, "he manna forwear himself, ye ken; and he took an oath when he left me, never more to enter below my roof. Ah, na: it ought should all her winsome Willie, the auld mother may starve in age and solitude, for ought he cares."

I was about to combat this uncharitable and harsh opinion, but she cut me short, by turning away suddenly, and calling to some of the children, who instantly flocked about her, to bind up the portions of fuel she had selected for her own use. While she was allotting to each the burden they were to carry to her cottage, I continued my walk by the sea-side, musing on what had just passed, and lamenting the obstinate perversity of disposition in this old woman, which spurned at the thought of receiving again to her favour a son who had once been so dearly loved. I felt, however, that it was vain to reason with one who had evidently shut her eyes upon the light of Christian precept, and allowed some of the worst passions of our nature to gain the mastery over her. And as I determined never again to attempt so hopeless a task, I could not help shuddering at the idea of the scene which the death-bed of one so remorseless was likely to present. It was long before I again saw Margaret, and her cup of sorrow had been meanwhile filled up to the brim. The particulars which follow, I learnt partly from common report, and partly from the village-pastor, who, being a worthy pious man, frequently visited Margaret, and used unwearying pains to conquer her indomitable pride. It was from him I heard that her son William's stay up the country had been protracted much beyond the time she expected, and that she had been sorely disturbed, by hearing that he was much with his brother, who lived near to the place where his work lay; and still more by a report, that he was often seen in the company of a young woman, who, when a child, had lived in the same village with him, and, though of good character, was an orphan of the most destitute description, being one of those unfortunates of whose birth both parents being ashamed, she had been abandoned by them, and laid down at the door of the schoolmaster's house, to be brought up by the parish. I have said, Margaret was disturbed by this report, which annoyed her the more, as she remembered that her son and this young person had always shown a fondness for each other when children at school, and that she had felt pleased when the girl left the village for a more distant service. The time, however, soon came when she was no longer left to doubt on the subject, for William arrived and confirmed her worst fears, by asking her consent to marry this girl, and bring her home to live with her. This consent was sternly and flatly denied; and though he assured her that he had procured permanent work, which, with the industry of his Mary, would enable them all to live in comfort, her only answer was, that no wife of his should ever live with her; and that, if he was determined to marry before

he laid her head in the grave, he might leave her as his brother had done. When William found that all his efforts were vain to reconcile his mother to his wishes, he returned to finish his job with a mind totally undecided what course to pursue. In this dilemma he sought the counsel of his brother, who advised him to marry, and trust to the necessity his mother would soon feel of a reconciliation; at the same time assuring him that he would go with him and tell her of his own repentance of his rash oath, and join in entreaties for the pardon of both. We are too prone to believe what we ardently wish; and William, thus persuaded by his brother, and by his own inclination, prevailed upon Mary to consent to become his wife, a few days before he returned to his native village to deprecate the wrath of his mother. Many were the conjectures of the brothers during their long walk toward their mother's cottage, on the success of their enterprise; nor could they, as they approached it more nearly, prevent some misgivings which assailed them, and gained strength as they presented themselves at her door. It was there she met them; and, having stopped them till their story was told, it was in vain that they craved permission to enter within it, for it was soon closed upon them, after a short parley, in which the old woman, in her own strong and scornful language, utterly rejected all overtures toward peace, and reiterated her determination of living and dying in desolation. It was then that, had she possessed the supernatural powers attributed to her, the shafts of her utmost vengeance would have been launched against the girl who had dared to alienate from her the affections of her son, and thus deprive her of her last hope. She had indeed now spurned from her for ever the blessings offered to her by Providence, and filled up the measure of her sin and folly.

The two young men, who were greatly distressed by their mother's unnatural conduct, and tired and heated by their long walk, sought, when they parted from her, rest and refreshment in the village public-house, from whence they strolled down to the sea-beach. This had been the play-ground of their infancy; and, having sat for some time on the beach in deep consultation, the eldest one stripped off his clothes, and plunged into the sea to refresh himself by bathing. The sea was calm and glassy, and he swam about for a few minutes; but while his brother was looking at him, and preparing to follow, he all at once went down. This was no sooner observed by William than he hastily threw himself into the water, and, having swum out to the fatal spot where his brother disappeared, he also sunk to rise no more. Some boys who had been looking on flew to the village to give the intelligence. Numbers immediately repaired to the spot where the melancholy event had taken place, while others ran to procure boats and grappling tackle from a little neighbouring bay where their fishing-boats were moored. The search was, however, rendered vain, by the discovery that a quantity of loose sand forming a ridge had been lodged between two rocks, on which it was supposed the elder brother had attempted to gain a footing, and been instantly swallowed up by its closing above him. It was supposed, also, that the younger one had been deceived in the stable appearance of the quicksand, and had endeavoured to ascend it in order to look for his brother in the deep water beyond it. Be this as it may, the search, as I have said, was fruitless; and thus perished, in the very prime of their strength, two of the finest-looking young men I had ever beheld.

During the whole day on which this tragical incident took place, the sea was perfectly calm; but at night one of those violent but brief storms, which sometimes disturb the tranquillity of a summer sea, broke upon the coast, and the waves rolled in mountains to the shore. The sand was again shifted, and when the conflict of the elements had ceased, the brothers were both found stretched upon the beach. And she, the relentless and vindictive mother, how fared it now with her? True to her stern nature, she gave but small vent in words to her wretchedness; but the fearful cries she uttered when told the dreadful truth—every look—every sound—every movement—betokened the most intense agony of which the human breast is susceptible, and told of remorse the keenest and most horrible that could be borne out of the place of everlasting torment. Her retributive history seemed, indeed, as if marked in black and melancholy characters. No sooner were her sons lodged in their narrow bed in the village churchyard, than their grave became her nightly haunt; nor did she seem even to hear the entreaties made use of by her neighbours to keep her from this practice, till at length they desisted from the attempt. Whenever night-fall came, to hide her from the eyes of the passers-by, she took her lonely and darkling way; nor ceased from her gloomy vigils till the morning began to break. My friend the minister visited her often, but was always foiled in his attempts to give her any spiritual consolation, by her brief but peremptory injunction not to speak to her on her soul's concerns, accompanied with a solemn assurance that it was in vain, for she knew and felt that she was doomed to destruction. But though this assertion was delivered in a tone which made him shudder, he nevertheless persisted in his unwelcome visits, until an event happened, which formed a new era in the history of Margaret.

About ten days after the interment of the unfortunate brothers, the moon began to shine upon the place

of tombs, and though she could no longer visit it without being observed, no one molested her; and she persisted in what now seemed a habit necessary to her very existence. One night when she approached her usual seat, she found it already occupied by a young woman, dressed in decent widow's mourning, whose sobs were deep and suffocating. Taken by surprise, and believing it to be the widow of her lost son come to reproach her with her cruelty, she fixed her eyes on her for an instant, and fell to the earth with a piercing shriek. The poor girl had been terrified by the sight of her mother-in-law, whose countenance, wild and stern, with her hair escaped from her cap, and tossed about in the wind, made her look like a maniac. Roused, however, by her shriek and fall, she sprang toward her, and, finding that she was not in an insensible state, she raised and seated her on the grave, while she spoke to her the most soothing words, and prayed so fervently to God to comfort her, that, when Margaret looked upon her face, pale as death, but so meek and beautiful in its sorrow, and heard her breathe nothing but kindness, she felt a degree of astonishment, which took for a short time the place of all other emotions. There had hitherto been no feeling in her own breast which could lead her to comprehend the spirit of forgiveness and of meek resignation, which dictated all the words and actions of this young woman. She had, before the death of her sons, regarded her with rancour, and, since that event, with dread of ever seeing her, as if her reproaches were now the only thing in the world left for her to fear. It was by this fear acting on a form wasted by want of sustenance, and by the conflicts of her mind, that she was struck down as by a flash of lightning.

The youthful Mary, whose history I have in part related, and who was in the same week a bride and widow, had been early inured to misfortune. She had been taken into the house of the parish schoolmaster, when only nine years old, to assist his servant, but, from her cleverness and desire to learn, had shared in his children's education, who were taught by him some things in which the poorer class of his scholars did not participate. Mary seemed naturally of a humble and serious disposition; but, humble as she was, she often felt severely the taunting scorn with which she was treated, on account of her birth, by her companions, and sometimes by those who should have known better than them, when she happened, unwittingly, to give offence. In short, she had never known any one who seemed to understand her feelings, or show them any sympathy, except her schoolfellow William Dun, who had always been ready to take her part when she was ill used, to console her when sorrowful, and to play on the sea-beach with her when she had time. But when Mary grew somewhat older and stronger, she was offered a service far from the sea and William, and these comforts were lost. It was then, when she had none on earth to sympathise either in her joys or griefs, that she learned to look up to a higher source for comfort, for pity, and direction; and was strengthened to be the means of snatching the wretched Margaret from the destruction she seemed to court.

When the first overpowering sensation occasioned by Mary's words and looks had subsided, the old woman so far relapsed into her usual mood, that the poor girl's utmost entreaties could not prevail on her to allow of her becoming an inmate of her cottage. Nor did she consent, till touched by the earnestness with which Mary quoted the affecting words of Ruth—"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge."

This, however, seemed the last struggle of self-will in that breast which had ever been the seat of turbulent and rebellious passions; and from that night in which her daughter-in-law returned with her from the churchyard, might be dated a change in her disposition as salutary as it was surprising. The proud nature of Margaret, broken down by suffering, and a heart goaded by remorse, prepared her for embracing the promises of mercy held out to her. These promises were constantly read to her and commented upon by Mary, who was become as her better angel, and whose unwearying attention soothed the few remaining years of her life, and was rewarded by seeing her hitherto stubborn nature daily softening down, till she became docile as a child in the school of Christianity. Still her heart felt, and her tongue expressed, all the halcyon and blessed effects of religion. Mary's constant efforts in behalf of her mother-in-law were of use to herself, for they gave her less time to dwell on her own sorrows; and the pale and interesting features of this meek and humble sufferer soon assumed an expression of subdued pensiveness, which, if it forbade the idea that they could ever be lighted up by mirth or gaiety, gave an assurance of inward peace and pious contentment. Temporal blessings also followed Mary to the cottage of Margaret; for her father, of whom she had never known any thing till his death, being a man of some property, and feeling remorse, it would appear, in his last illness, for his cruel conduct towards her, left her, by his will, soon after her change of residence, enough to support herself, and to supply the poor old woman with all those little comforts so necessary to old age and declining health, till the day arrived, when, full of true penitence, Margaret was laid in the same grave on which she had so often sat in all the wildness and horror of despair.

GAS LIGHT.

DAILY habit has the effect of so soon familiarising objects to us, that we seldom pause to think how they have had a commencement. Gas light is now as familiar to us as the light of the sun or moon. It even illumines cellars and recesses, where the rays of either of these luminaries never pierce; and yet we have only to go back a very few years, when it was totally unknown, at least for all useful purposes. We recollect, when gas first began to be talked of, a gentleman observing, in a pretty large assemblage, that he would not be surprised, in the course of a few years, to see the substance, as a common commodity, sold about the streets in pennyworths. The idea was received with that smile of incredulity which the vagaries of a fanciful mind often meet with; and yet those very few years had not expired when gas was actually conveyed through pipes into every street and dwelling, measured out by metres, and sold by the cubic foot.

The inflammable nature of coal-gas was first known from its dreadful explosive effects in mines, and received the name of *fire or choke-damp*. It was also observed to issue sometimes from crevices on the surface of the earth, when, on a lighted torch being presented to it, it would inflame, and continue to burn for a considerable period. In the year 1726, Stephen Hales procured an elastic air or gas from the distillation of common coal; and although some experiments of the inflammability of air so procured were occasionally made by individuals, and related in the scientific publications of the day, yet the subject excited little attention, and was ultimately thrown aside for a long period of years.

The most casual observer must have remarked, that, when a piece of coal becomes heated in the fire, it begins to swell; it then bursts at a particular part; a stream of air rushes out, and, coming in contact with the fire, ignites into a flame. If a common tobacco pipe is taken, a small piece of coal put into the bulb, the top of this cemented closely with moist clay, and the bulb then put into the fire, a stream of inflammable air will, in a short time, issue from the extremity of the pipe, and continue to do so till the whole gas the coal contains is exhausted. On examining the matter remaining, it will be found to be coke, or charcoal. Coal, then, by this mode of distillation, is found to consist of an inflammable gas, called carburetted hydrogen, and of charcoal. The extension of this long-known and simple experiment into a process of general usefulness, proceeded by gradual and oft-interrupted steps; and, as is usual in many important processes of the kind, the real inventor is involved in some degree of doubt. In the year 1792, a Mr Murdoch, residing at Redruth, in Cornwall, made use of coal-gas for lighting up his house and offices; and in 1797, he again made a similar use of it at Old Cumnock, in Ayrshire. In 1802, he was residing at Messrs Boulton and Watt's establishment, Soho, near Birmingham, where, under the combined talents of several ingenious engineers who were assembled at that highly liberal and celebrated seat of the arts and sciences, a splendid illumination of gas was exhibited on the occasion of the celebration of the peace of that year.

But some time previous to this public exhibition of gas illumination at Soho, it had been made use of in a similar manner at Paris, by a M. le Bon. In 1801, a friend of the gentlemen at Soho had written a letter from Paris, communicating the information that a gentleman of that city had lighted up his house and gardens, and had it in contemplation to light the streets of Paris with gas from wood and coal.

Adopting the hint from this gentleman, a Mr Winsor, a foreigner, came to London, in 1803, and publicly exhibited gas illumination, and explained its nature, and held out its numerous advantages, in a series of lectures at the Lyceum Theatre. Winsor was a mere quack, a man of little talent, but one of those active, bustling, indefatigable beings, well calculated to spread a new invention. For several years, under many failures and great disadvantages, he persevered in his projects, and, in 1807, lighted up a part of Pall Mall, which was the first instance of gas light being applied to such a purpose in Britain. Public attention was now roused; subscriptions were set a-going; various companies were formed; great improvements in the manufacture of the gas were introduced; its usefulness was fairly established; and its adoption in manufactories and public places soon became universal. Gas light first made its appearance in Edinburgh in the spring of 1818,* a company having been formed, and incorporated by act of Parliament, for that purpose. This establishment produces annually about 46,000,000 cubic feet of gas, consuming, for this purpose, about 4000 tons of cannel or parrot coal, besides 1000 tons of coal used in heating the retorts. The process of making gas is not complicated. The coal is put into large retorts of iron, and fire applied underneath. The gas, which is separated by this heat, then passes through an apparatus, where it is freed from an oily or tarry matter, which drops from it, and is afterwards purified by passing through lime water. It is then stored up into large reservoirs, or gasometers, from whence it is sent by pressure through pipes, laid under ground, to the various parts of the city.

* Two or three years before this period, certain shopkeepers in Scotland used gas for lighting their premises; and when they commenced doing so, crowds collected nightly to see the wonder of such a species of illumination.

The kind of coal best suited for the distillation of gas, is that which contains in its composition the greatest proportion of bituminous or inflammable matter. It is called parrot or cannel coal, and is only found in particular situations. The Edinburgh Gas Works are supplied from the coal pits of the Marquis of Lothian, near Dalkeith. Gas bids fair almost entirely to supersede oil or tallow as articles of illumination. It produces ten times the quantity of light at an equal or inferior rate of expense, and it can be increased or modified at pleasure. Objections have been made to the deleterious nature of the gas on the lungs. There can be no doubt, but, if inhaled in any quantity for a very short period, it will produce instantaneous death, and even, in less quantities, headaches and uncomfortable sensations; but this applies to the unburnt gas. If sufficient care is taken that the whole be accurately consumed by flame, there is no greater danger or inconvenience in its combustion than in that of any other inflammable substance.

The illumination of our streets with gas has been said, and with justice, to be one of our best preservatives against crime. How different are the streets of our populous cities now to what they were in former days! In the year 1417, Sir Henry Barton, then Mayor of London, ordained "lanterns with lights to be hanged out in the winter evenings between Hallow tide and Candlemass." The city of Paris was first lighted in 1524; and in the beginning of the 16th century, the streets being infested with robbers, the inhabitants were ordered to keep lights burning in the windows of all such houses as fronted the streets. The aqueducts of the ancients, by which they brought water from a distance for the supply of their cities, were contrivances much talked of, and certainly some of them appear to have been stupendous undertakings; but how would an ancient stare if he were shown the streets of a modern city, laid bare to view with its water and gas pipes passing along, and ramifying in all directions, like the arteries and air-vessels of an animal body, circulating, as from a centre, moisture and heat to the most remote extremities!

OLD ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE.

The style of architecture used in the erection of gentlemen's country residences, is at present improving. In different parts of both England and Scotland, the tourist will not fail to perceive tasteful edifices, more or less after the elegant style which prevailed in the days of the Henries and Queen Elizabeth, very properly superseding the ungainly square Grecian mansions which characterised the reigns of George the Second and Third, and which seemed so much out of place in the midst of rural scenery. While such, therefore, is happily the case—and it being recollected that the exercise of good taste generally costs nothing—we beg to direct the attention of a certain class of our readers to the following excellent account of the origin and nature of the celebrated old English style of architecture, which we have abridged from a paper in the Quarterly Review for July 1831:—

"Every country has an architecture more or less peculiarly its own, formed, like the character and language of its inhabitants, by the blending of various foreign ingredients which have at different periods introduced and naturalized themselves, but which have been also in turn modified by the original stocks, as well as by the local peculiarities of climate, soil, social condition, and political history. The national character attaches itself far more to domestic architecture than to that which is displayed in public buildings, ecclesiastical or civil. In the erection of these, the architect, often himself a stranger, or taught abroad, has sometimes wholly copied a foreign model, and merely transferred the entire cathedral or palace from the banks of the Rhine or the Po, to those of the Thames and Isis. But in designing the residences of the opulent classes of any country, it became necessary to consult the manners, habits, and wants of the future occupants, the character of the climate, and the nature of the ordinary materials within reach. And in whatever degree the architect has neglected to adapt his design to the type required by these local circumstances, to that extent has he sinned against taste and propriety, and failed in producing that harmony of ideas, that association of ornament and purpose, which, as an essential element in the quality of beauty, it is the object of his art to create.

In the erection of a country residence, where the choice of a style is not fettered by the proximity of other buildings, associations of a general and imaginative nature come into play, and dictate the adoption of the national and indigenous architecture. In this country, which is still rich in the possession of numerous specimens of buildings, both ecclesiastical and domestic, belonging to the earlier ages of its history, the *old English style*, in some of its varieties, is that which we consider specially appropriate to a country residence. The natural scenery around presents congenial images in the venerable grove, and the ancient

oaks spreading their broad arms over the lawns and glades of the park. The local annals of the estate, of the site itself, or of the proprietor's family, combine to call for the employment of a style which is connected with so many of the most pleasing recollections of our national history. The irregularity of outline which it admits, and, indeed, almost requires, allows of an arrangement of the apartments which comfort or fancy may suggest, and accommodates it to all the varied wants of modern life. However, it is equally appropriate to every rank of habitation, from the princely palace, down to the snug parsonage, or humble cottage. To us, the Grecian temple is completely out of place in an English landscape, as would a cloistered abbey, or feudal castle, in the prairies of Kentucky or the Illinois.

Our Saxon ancestors reared few places of strength. Their habits were peaceful and agricultural, rather than warlike; and they lived in low and mean houses, having no pretensions either to splendour or strength. It was, indeed, the defenceless condition of the island which rendered it so easy a prey to the Norman conqueror. And it was to remedy this defect, and secure his newly acquired dominions, as well against invasions from without as rebellions within, that William lost no time in erecting strong castles in all the principal towns of his kingdom. His followers, among whom he had parcelled out the lands of the English, had likewise to protect themselves against the resentment of those they had despoiled, and imitated their masters' example, by building castles on their estates. 'The whole kingdom,' says the author of the Saxon Chronicle, 'was covered with them, and the poor people worn out with the forced labour of their erection.' Many of the castles of this age were of great size, and possessed a certain rude grandeur of design. After the age of Edward the Third, who both ameliorated the institutions of the country, and introduced into it a certain degree of elegance and refinement, we find a considerable improvement in the character of the habitations which remain to us. By degrees, it was found possible to associate much convenience and magnificence with the strength requisite for defence; and the confined plan of the close fortress expanded into a mixture of the castle and the mansion. At a later period, a still farther change took place. The reign of law had gradually succeeded to that of the strong hand. The peaceable were able to trust to the executive for the defence of their persons and property, rather than to the strength of their own walls, and roof-trees, or the falchions and iron mails of their friends and retainers. The residences of the nobility and rich landed proprietors again assumed, though by degrees, and with the exception of some districts like the borders of England and Scotland, a civil, in place of a military appearance. Beauty and ornament were consulted by the builders instead of strength, and the convenient accommodation of the ordinary indwellers, in lieu of the means for disposing of a crowded garrison, and its necessary provision in time of siege. The mansions erected under these circumstances partook but slightly of the castellated character. They usually retained the moat and battlemented gateway, and one or two strong turrets, to build which a royal licence was necessary; but their defensive strength could only have availed against a sudden and momentary attack. They were generally quadrangular in form; the larger class inclosing two open courts, of which one contained the stables, offices, and lodgings of the household; the second, the principal or state chambers, with the hall and chapel. Such buildings differed but little from the monastic residences of the same, or of an earlier date. Of the minor country residences of that and the earlier reigns, many interesting examples remain scattered through the island, sometimes fulfilling their original destination, but far more frequently employed only as farm-houses, and going fast to decay.

In a few of the houses built during the reign of Henry the Eighth, we may observe some slight traces of the Italian architecture, which, in the next reign, was more liberally introduced, and mixed up with the original Tudor,* or early English, into an irregular, certainly, but, in most instances, an exceedingly rich and effective composition. Whilst in England, and the north of Europe generally, the debased Roman architecture of the lower empire, which forms the foundation of the Saxon, Norman, or Lombard style, had been successively improved into those several beautiful modifications which are now classed indiscriminately under the term *Gothic*, the architects of Italy had never stepped out of their ancient track. With the seat of empire, the arts had migrated to Constantinople; and when the towns of Venice and Pisa were desirous of exhibiting their newly-born opulence in the erection of splendid cathedrals, it was in Constantinople, the capital of the lower empire, where St Sophia had already risen to astonish the western world, that they were compelled to seek a fitting artist. But on the revival of learning, the ancient Roman edifices were disinterred, and admired, and measured; and the eastern, or, as it is called in Italy, Lombard architecture, was in turn corrected, by reference to its classical original. The architects of Italy soon rose to eminence, and their fame was a subject of deep interest in this country, where the rage for building was no less strong and general than in Italy. In the

* Tudor was the family surname of the dynasty to which Henry belonged.

brilliant reign of Elizabeth, the English nobles and princely proprietors vied more than ever with each other in the magnificence of their mansions. It might have been supposed that the noble Tudor houses, with their panelled walls, buttresses, and battlements, traceried windows, sculptured dripstones, florid pinnacles, and embossed chimney-shafts, were sufficiently rich and gorgeous to satisfy the prevailing taste for splendour; but in their anxiety to strike and surprise the admiration of their countrymen, many deserted the native styles, and sought for designs, and even artists, from abroad. Italian architecture became, by degrees, the mode; and, even where the indigenous style was adhered to in the general design, many of the enrichments and ornamental features were borrowed from the Italian. First of all, the porch or gateway, as the most conspicuous points on which to exhibit these exotic novelties, were decorated on either side the entrance, and, perhaps, a second and third storey above with pilasters, belonging to the different Greek orders; the door-way itself exchanged the low pointed, or Tudor, for the circular arch; the deep, elegant, and sweeping Gothic mouldings, for the Vitruvian architecture,* cut across by the awkward projecting impost. Next was introduced the cupola, whose invention in Italy had made so much noise, that it appears our country squires were anxious to have miniature specimens of it at home. It was applied as a covering to the high turrets, round, square, or polygonal, which flanked the entrance or terminated the angles of the building, and, surmounted with gilded vanes, certainly produced a rich and imposing effect. Then followed the removal of the panelled battlements, and the substitution of a parapet, carved into fantastic notches or scrolls, or perforated with oval openings, and ornamented with obelisks, balls, busts, statues, and other singular decorations. These ran up the gables, which were often twisted into strange shapes, and sometimes wholly replaced by the level balustrade. And thus the most characteristic features of the old style, its numerous steep gables and spiry pinnacles, were succeeded by the uniform horizontal straight lines of the new. At length, the whole building was surrounded by columns or pilasters, rising, tier above tier, to the exhaustion sometimes of the five orders; open arcades took the place of the entrance porch, and nothing remained of the Tudor style but the mullioned window, which, however, was of itself sufficient to give a peculiarly picturesque and old-fashioned aspect to the whole building.

To us it has always appeared that this architecture of the Elizabethan age constitutes a style of its own—a compound of two extremely different modes, the Italian and the Tudor Gothic. It is evident that the Italian design was always greatly altered to suit the climate and the taste of England. Indeed, were we not afraid the comparison might be considered profane, we should say there is something in the rich irregularity of the Elizabethan architecture, its imposing dignity, gorgeous magnificence, and quaint and occasionally fantastic decoration, reminding us of the glorious visions that flitted across the imagination of Shakespeare, the immortal bard of the same age. He, like the architects of his day, borrowed largely from the foreigner, but made his importations appear exclusively his own. The architectural garden, which always accompanied this style of mansion, is not the least pleasing part of it. We delight in its wide and level terraces, decorated with rich stone balustrades, and these again with vases and statues, and connected by broad flights of stone steps—its clipped evergreen hedges—its embowered alleys—its formal yet intricate parterres, full of curious knots of flowers—its lively and musical fountains—its steep slopes of velvet turf—its trim bowling-green—and the labyrinth and wilderness which form its appropriate termination, and connect it with the ruder scenery without. This kind of ornamental garden came from Italy, with the change we have been discussing, in domestic architecture.

The quadrangular embattled mansion of the last Henries affords scope for the display of much grandeur and magnificence, and adapts itself more conveniently to the plan of a modern house. The carved oriel, and deep many-lighted bay window, often projecting in a multitude of capricious angles and curves, besides the regular octagon, the panelled angle-turrets, with richly-embossed finials, and the wreathed chimney-shafts, are characteristic beauties of this class of building. The gabled manor-house, together with these ornamental features, admits, at the same time, of a much greater irregularity of form and outline, so as to accommodate itself to every variety of disposition, and to buildings of every size, from the baronial residence to the parsonage and grange. All the forms which particularly mark the Elizabethan style, may be wrought in the cheapest materials with comparatively little labour; and a small portion of ornamental work, tastefully disposed, is capable of producing very considerable effect. Lastly, the Elizabethan house is distinguished by the number and size of its rectangular and many-mullioned windows, which give a peculiar lightness and elegance to its several parts. The roof-line may be either horizontal or broken with gables, turrets, and cupolas. In either case, it is enriched with perforated parapets, balustrades, or other architectural devices, while similar embellishments ornament the entrance, and the terraces which connect the building with the garden."

* Vitruvius was a Roman writer of the first century.

EFFECTS OF PANIC.

THE effect produced upon the human mind by terror, from the appearance of sudden and unexpected danger, is very extraordinary. Some it deprives of all self command; by it, others are dissolved in a flood of tears; but in what manner soever we may be affected, yet it is certain that every person is liable to be so, to a greater or a less degree.

When great crowds happen to assemble in churches, theatres, &c., the multitude seem to be prepared to catch any infection which chance may offer; and often the more frivolous and absurd that the cause happens to be, serious consequences the more readily follow. On such occasions, however, sometimes very ludicrous incidents occur. The following is an account, given by Fox in his Ecclesiastical History, of an event of this kind which took place at Oxford. Fox flourished in Queen Elizabeth's time, and it is related in his own words:—

"In the year 1541, there was one Mr Malarly, Master of Arts in Cambridge, who, for certain opinions, was convened before the Bishops, and then sent to Oxford, openly to recant, and carry a faggot, to the terror of the students of this university. On a Sunday, he was brought into the church, many doctors, divines, and citizens being present. Dr Smith preached the recantation sermon, and Mr Malarly stood before him with his faggot. About the midst of the sermon, there was, of a sudden, heard in the church the voice of one crying *Fire! fire!* in the streets, occasioned by a person who saw a chimney on fire in Allhallows's parish, and so, passing by the church, cried *Fire*, thinking no hurt. This sound of fire being heard in the church, went from one to another, till at length the doctors and preacher heard it themselves, who, amazed with sudden fear, began to look up to the top and walls of the church, which others seeing, looked up also; upon which, some began, in the midst of the crowd, to cry out *Fire, fire!* 'Where?' says one and another. 'In the church,' says one. The word *church* was scarce pronounced, when, in a moment, there was a great cry, '*The church is on fire, the church is set on fire!*' This inexpressible horror and confusion raised the dust like a smoke, which, with the outcries of the people, made them all so afraid, that, leaving the sermon, they began to run away; but so great was the press of the multitude crowding together, that the more they laboured, the harder it was to get out; for they stuck so fast in the door, that there was no moving forward nor backward. They ran to another little wicket on the north side, from thence to a door on the west; but there was so great a throng, that, with the force thereof, a great bar of iron, which is almost incredible, was pulled out and broken by the strength of men's hands, and yet could not the door be opened for the vast concourse of people. At last, despairing of getting out, they in great amazement ran up and down, crying out, that '*the devil had conspired their death*.' One said he plainly heard the fire; another affirmed he saw it; and a third swore he felt the melted lead dropping on his head and shoulders. None made more noise than the Doctor that preached, who first of all cried out in the pulpit, '*These are the subtleties of the devil against me—Lord have mercy upon me*,' &c. In all this consternation nothing was more feared than the melting of the lead, which many affirmed they felt dropping upon their bodies. The Doctors, finding authority and force could not prevail, fell to entreaties, one offering twenty pound, another his scarlet gown, so that any man would pull him out, though it were by the ears. A president of a college, pulling a board out from the pews, covered his head and shoulders therewith against the scalding lead, which they feared much more than the falling of the church. One thought to get out of a window, and had broken the glass, and got his head and one shoulder out, but then stuck fast between the iron bars, that he could move neither way; others stuck as fast in the doors, over the heads of whom some got out. A boy had climbed up on the top of the church door, and seeing an aged Doctor, who had got over men's heads, coming towards him, with a wide cowl hanging at his back, he thought it a good opportunity to make his escape, and prettily conveyed himself into the Doctor's cowl. He got out with the boy in his cowl, and, for a while, felt no weight; but at last feeling his cowl heavier than ordinary, and hearing a voice behind him, he was more afraid than while in the throng, believing that the evil spirit which had fired the church had flown into his cowl; whereupon he began to exorcise. '*In the name of God, I command thee to declare what thou art behind my back*.' '*I am Bertram's boy*,' said the other. '*But I*,' said the Doctor, '*adjure thee, in the name of the inseparable Trinity, that thou, wicked spirit, do tell me who thou art, and from whence thou comest, and that thou go hence*.' '*I am Bertram's boy*,' said he; '*and I pray, good master, let me go*.' When the Doctor perceived the matter, he took the boy out, who ran away as fast as he could. In the meantime, those without the church, seeing all things safe, made signs to them within to be quiet; but the noise being so great that no word could be heard, these signs increased their fear, supposing all the church without to be on fire, and that they were bid to tarry within, and not to venture out, because of the dropping of the lead, and the fall of other things. This hurry lasted many hours, but at length the mistake was discovered. The next day and week following, there was an incredible number of bills set upon the

church doors, to inquire for all manner of things then lost, there being but few in this garboyle (tumult), who, either through negligence lost, or through oblivion left not something behind."

CROSSING THE LINE.*

ONE lovely evening, when our gallant vessel was calmly floating on the unruffled bosom of the deep, within the tropics, and I sitting at the open port, gazing thoughtfully on the setting sun, I was suddenly startled from my meditations by the cry of, "*A sail a-head! halo! Neptune! Neptune! a-boy!*" and, on gaining the deck, perceived a large tar-barrel flaming on the ocean, and gliding past our vessel, which, I was given to understand, was the royal barge of the venerable watery god, who had announced his intention of coming on board next morning, to superintend the shaving such of his children as had not previously crossed the great boundary of his dominions.

Next morning, accordingly, this august personage made his appearance on the quarter-deck, about half-past nine A.M., and advanced to seat himself on a gun-carriage, under a gorgeous canopy of various-coloured flags, and surrounded by innumerable streamers, which kept waving to and fro with every wandering breeze. His dress, consisting of a buffalo's hide, with such other varieties as could be procured on board, added to an iron-crowned hoary-bearded mask, rendered him a very grotesque figure. By his side was seated a gigantic white-robed mariner, something resembling an old weather-beaten woman, intended to represent Amphitrite. The royal chariot, preceded by a band of music, and drawn by sixteen men, painted from head to foot in the most ludicrous fashion, led the van of the procession, and was followed by the numerous constables, bearing their rods of office, all decorated in a singular manner. Next followed the important barber, with his train of necessary attendants, and his Oceanic Majesty's household brought up the rear.

After parading the quarter-deck with all due ceremony, the procession halted opposite the cuddy door (that is, the door of the great cabin on the upper deck), where his godship was welcomed by the officers, and accepted the offer of a glass of spirits; nor had his fair spouse any hesitation in swallowing a potent draught of the same inspiring nectar. When the barber (who did not fail to exhibit his huge iron razor) and several of the other attendants had also paid their devotions at the shrine of Bacchus, the car was drawn into the lee waist, where were prepared a deep cistern (composed of a tarred top-sail, supported at the four corners by corresponding stanchions, and filled to the brim with the salt water of the tropical ocean), a covered throne for Neptune and his exquisite consort, a scaffolding for the barber and suite, and a narrow plank across the reservoir, on which were to be seated those unenviable individuals who were destined to undergo the ceremony of "shaving." At this moment the beating of the drums, the sound of the horns, the shouts of the mariners, and the cries of "*Bring forth my sons! bring forth my sons!*" indicated to the anxious beings below, on the gun-deck, that all was in readiness to commence the business of the day; and immediately a band of the horrid constables came to lead me, blindfolded, and with a palpitating heart, to the place of execution. No sooner had I gained the summit of the companion-ladder, than a deluge of salt water, from innumerable buckets, was discharged unceremoniously into my face; and when I attempted to gasp for breath, an unceasing stream from the fire-engine was directed, by some expert hand, right into my mouth. In this state, panting, and almost breathless, I rushed forwards, with much exertion, dragging constables and attendants after me, till I gained the foot of the ladder which led to the plank crossing the cistern. This I ascended with some difficulty amid the cheering of a merciless multitude, took my seat on the tottering plank, and awaited with anxious expectation the dreadful result of all this ceremony. I had not sat long till a rough brush (every hair of which seemed to be formed of a porcupine's quill) saluted my chin; then a sharp-toothed saw (intended to represent a razor) was passed over my cheeks; then a bucket of water was thrown into my face; then another dense stream from the fire-engine was directed into my mouth; and then the frail plank was withdrawn from under me, and I plunged headlong and breathless into the abyss below! This was not all. In the cistern was a shelf, and on this shelf a man (dressed in a bear's skin, and creeping on all fours), whose duty it was to hold the subject of their mirth for some time under the surface of the water. Struggling, as it were, for my existence, no sooner did I feel the horned clutches of the great bear, than I struck him such a blow on the head as caused him to let go his grasp; and, almost insensible, I scrambled up the sides of the cistern, and threw myself down on the deck below. Still no quarter was allowed me; I had yet to make my way through a deluge of water, showered on me from the fore-castle, the decks, the booms, and the tops, to the after-part of the vessel; which, had I not immediately accomplished, I verily

* When vessels cross the equinoctial line in their outward or homeward-bound voyages, the sailors on board usually hold a species of festival in honour of Neptune, the heathen god of the sea. Some of the frolicsome ceremonies on these occasions are here described by a young gentleman now in Edinburgh. The article appeared originally in an Edinburgh publication.

believe I should have sunk exhausted under the ordeal.

Notwithstanding all this roughing, however, I conceived, on the whole, to preserve my good humour; and I had no sooner recovered, and begun to look about me, than I seized a bucket, joined the enraptured performers of this busy scene, and was among the first to salute my hapless messmates, who next made their appearance.

After all the midshipmen had passed through the hands of the barber, the shaving of the seamen commenced. This was a more serious business, for the chins of many bled profusely, and their mouths and eyes were fearfully disfigured by the tarry brush of the barber, while torrents of their favourite element were showered on their hooded heads, without sympathy or restraint.

In the meantime, the shaving advanced with great rapidity; and before twelve o'clock, the procession returned, in all its pomp, to the cuddy door, in the same order as formerly, when the captain's health, with that of all the legitimate sons of Neptune, was drunk with loud and continued cheers, and then the sports of the morning concluded. But towards evening, the captain ordered a liberal supply of grog to be served out to each of the sailors; and the remainder of that night was spent in

"Draining the goblet, and singing the song."

CHIMNEYS.

CHIMNEYS have characters. I am convinced that. They are a people, and have minds, dispositions, temperaments, and passions, like other folk. They have also diseases, like the human species, and do not want for their "doctors." Are they not affected by east winds just as much as any of us, and have they not their own inexplicable fits of the sullens, and are they not awfully testy when contradicted, just like ourselves?

The faculty of smoke-doctors may be a very learned and respectable faculty for any thing I know; but who ever heard of a chimney being cured? Nobody! The truth is, a chimney's disorders generally proceed from its original physical constitution, and one might just as well talk of expelling a hereditary disease from an individual of the human race. The only way is to destroy the chimney altogether, and create it anew. A "doctor" will speak to you of "old wives," and of "cans" one-mouthed, two-mouthed, and poly-mouthed; but put no faith in smoke-doctors. You might just as well expect a human doctor to cure you, when on your death-bed, by ordering you a new nightcap.

But the maladies which affect chimneys often proceed from their situation in life. Circumstances govern us all, and chimneys too. A chimney of my acquaintance once testified this in a remarkable manner. It was a chimney that had just begun the world in the New Town, and belonged to a house three storeys in height. Now, this chimney was as well-behaved and well-regulated a chimney as one could have seen in a summer's day; and had a juvenile vivacity, which could not be repressed by the east wind itself. At last, however, it became all of a sudden very irregular in its conduct, and seemed to have lost all its former health and spirits. Doctors were called in, who examined the patient, and prescribed all kinds of cans, which were speedily got. All would not do, however; instead of recovering, it became worse, and seemed, by the increased vehemence with which it repelled the advances of the smoke, to indicate that the doctors did not understand the nature of its trouble. Alas! it was not the body, but the mind of the chimney, that was diseased! My sensitive young friend was affronted at the very idea of these fellows attempting to cure its grievances by commonplace applications. A full convocation of all the smoke-doctors in town being at length called, and their deliberations being assisted by some experienced builders, it was discovered that the cause of all its woes was the tall and over-topping gable of a contiguous house, whose chimneys carried their heads at least twenty feet higher than that of the afflicted chimney in question; so that envy—sheer envy alone, was the occasion of all its ailments. This was proved to my full satisfaction, by what happened afterwards; for the patient, being, as it were, continued into the tall gable, and allowed to carry as high a head as its neighbours, never gave its masters any more trouble; and when I last went to see how it did, I thought the smoke which issued so freely and complacently from its mouth, seemed to say, "You see I have at length gained my point."

Though I allow that chimneys may be jealous of each other's heights, and sometimes look with an evil eye at the honour or prosperity of their neighbours, I do not think that they are in general a democratic people. Many a chimney do I know of very humble height, and even unadorned with cans, and yet very decent, quiet chimneys too. There is a spirit of meekness in some chimneys, which seems to fit them best for the lower walks of life, where they are content to exercise their vocations, perhaps, under the baronial protection of some neighbouring stack of chimneys, without fretting their souls with chimerical ideas of liberty and equality. I know some chimneys of this amiable sort in the Pleasance.

Chimneys necessarily cannot be a democratic people, for there are kings among them. There is the tall, red, regal chimney of the Coal Gas Work at the back of the Canongate, which, on state occasions, wears a splendid

crown of gas light, and stands pre-eminent over all the chimneys in the Old Town, like Saul among the people. No one can doubt that this is the King of Chimneys, whether for the importance of its vocations, or the grandeur of its appearance. The tall chimneys at Portobello and Pinkie are two solitary monarchs without subjects.

That chimneys are sentient beings, nobody can dispute. Le Sage, an author of no little discernment, says that they can speak. I must confess I never heard them pronounce articulate words, or carry on conversations; but there is one thing of which I am certain—they can howl! I have heard them howl in a high wind, in a very sensible style—almost like speaking—only the sentences not connected. In these cases, however, I consider them to be only expostulating or quarrelling with their enemy, the wind.

At the country town where I spent my youth, there were some thatched houses near the school, with chimneys of a very outré sort. My heart is smitten when I remember how cruel we were to these grotesque but inoffensive chimneys. There was one belonging to the cottage of a poor old widow woman, at which our scorn and our stones were particularly directed. It was constructed of turf, upon a frame-work of upright sticks—the whole so dilapidated, that there was scarcely any thing but the sticks left. Most unfortunately for the chimney, it was not altogether of an upright character, but inclined a little to one side, and seemed to look down upon us school-boys with open mouth, inviting our attacks. We assuredly did not spare it; for every day, we employed the whole quarter of an hour previous to the opening of the school in throwing missiles of any sort we could lay our hands on, at and down its gaping crater; and not a day passed without old Luckie—coming into the school-room, complaining of our wickedness, and exhibiting the melancholy fragments of cutty pipes, and little black tea-pots, which, she said, had suffered from our stones, while lying innocently by her fire-side.

Some of these cottage chimneys were very curious in their internal as well as external structure. As viewed from the fire-place below, they looked like the vast cone of a glass-house, or like an amphitheatre, peopled with spectator hams, and a huge black beam, from which depended by iron rods, chains, and hooks, various culinary vessels. These chimneys never required sweeping; though I remember hearing a traditional account of one being cleared of its venerable soot by the goodman, who had accomplished his singular task by going head foremost into a sack, and ascending by a ladder to the rannle-tree, where he stood and rubbed the sides of the chimney all round with his shoulders! This custom might be practised with effect in the cure of lum-bag-o!

Speaking of chimney-sweeping, we come to chimney-sweeps, who, by the by, are a very noticeable set of men. A friend of mine, in guarding against contact with them on the streets, calls them angels of darkness, in contradistinction to bakers, whom he denominates angels of light, though I consider the one tribe to be fully as great annoyances as the other. When I pass a chimney-sweep on the street, I myself wearing light-coloured clothes at the time, I may say, "*Conjuró te, Diabolo!*" and avoid being rude to his person; but in my heart I envy and admire him. Chimney-sweeps see and explore a part of the world which nobody else can see and explore. They surpass the prodigal son in the "Vicar of Wakefield," who saw the outside of the best houses in Amsterdam, for any body may see that; but to chimney-sweeps alone is it reserved to see the roofs of the best houses. They walk in glorious pre-eminence over the heads of the rest of mankind, and cast their eyes over the surface of an upper world, which none of us children of the ground shall ever see. I have heard them tell strange and wild stories of the dangers they have passed, and the roofs of the lands they have seen, like sailors returned from distant voyages; and, what is very strange, there is scarcely a chimney in the town, of which they do not know the whole nature and character, as well as the owner of the house himself. Nay, I have often been surprised, on calling a chimney-sweeper to administer unto a moody or diseased vent, to observe how familiar he was with its history and peculiarities. How they acquire this wonderful knowledge, it is impossible to conceive. I suspect that they talk to each other of nothing but the various chimneys which have come under their hands, and so, each communicating to his neighbour the results of his experience, the whole become, as it were, universally acquainted. I remember once calling an old chimney-sweeper to a very strange chimney, which, before ascending the gable, went across the ceiling of an adjoining room, and, indeed, was all at right angles. Before commencing operations upon this strange specimen of the crooked tribe of chimneys, he frightened me into the offer of a double fee, by some dreadful traditional recollections of boys being smothered in it forty years ago, when he was a climbing-boy himself, and of plummet-balls in later times being dispatched down its unimaginable angularities, in order to discover the bottom, and being never more heard of by their disconsolate owners, whose damages were of course made good by the then proprietor.

In short, the subject which I have thus imperfectly handled, is one well worthy the attention of the truly philosophical; and I hope, ere long, to see a separate volume allotted to it in Dr Lardner's Cyclopædia, or in the Library of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

HOWARD.

JOHN HOWARD, an Englishman, who has justly obtained a celebrity over the whole civilized world for his extraordinary and unceasing efforts in the cause of suffering humanity, and for which he has been generally and justly entitled "the Benevolent General," was born about the year 1727, at Clapton, in the parish of Hackney, a large village immediately adjoining London. To this place his father seems to have removed from the pursuit of his business as an upholsterer, in Long Lane, Smithfield, where he had acquired a considerable fortune. The education of young Howard was extremely superficial; and when he left school, he was put as an apprentice to a wholesale grocer in the city; but this situation not being at all to his taste, he embraced the opportunity, on coming of age, of purchasing from his master the remainder of his time. By his father's will, he was not to come into the possession of his fortune until he reached his twenty-fourth year, and then he became entitled to the sum of £7000, in addition to the whole of his father's landed property, his plate, furniture, pictures, &c. Coming thus into the possession of a respectable patrimony, he was now at liberty to follow out the bent of his inclinations, which he did by setting out on his travels through France and Italy. On his return, being of delicate health, and inclined to consumption, he was put upon a rigorous regimen, which is said to have laid the foundation of that extraordinary abstemiousness and indifference to the gratification of his palate, which ever after so much distinguished him. In 1752, while twenty-five years of age, he married a lady in her fifty-second year; a step he took in consequence of having received from her many marks of kind attention during a sickness with which he was overtaken. The death of his wife in a few years put an end to this somewhat imprudent connexion. Soon after the death of his wife, he resolved upon leaving England on another tour, with a view to direct his mind from the melancholy reflections which that event had occasioned.

The country which Howard first intended to visit was Portugal, then rendered particularly interesting by the situation of its capital, still smoking in ruins from the effects of a tremendous earthquake. A great part of its capital, Lisbon, and thousands of its inhabitants, had been embowelled in the earth. It was to this sublime spectacle that Mr Howard's attention was principally directed; and he accordingly took his passage in a vessel, which, unfortunately, was captured by a French privateer. This event, unlucky in itself, gave a turn to the fate of the young philanthropist, and proved ultimately beneficial to mankind. His captors used him with great cruelty, for, after having been kept forty hours without food or water, he was carried into Brest, and confined, with the other prisoners, in the castle of that place. Here, after being cast with the crew and the rest of the passengers into a filthy dungeon, and there kept a considerable time without nourishment, a joint of mutton was at length thrown into the midst of them, and, for want of a knife, they were obliged to tear it in pieces, and gnaw it like dogs. In this dungeon, he and his companions lay for six nights upon the floor, with nothing but straw. He was afterwards removed to Morlaix, and thence to Carpaix, where he was two months upon parole. He had no sooner obtained his own liberty, than he exerted all his influence to procure the liberation of some of his fellow-countrymen. Whilst at Carpaix, he obtained sufficient evidence of the English prisoners of war in France being treated with inhuman barbarity, and he did not rest till he influenced the government in their behalf. It is to this event that Mr Howard himself refers the first excitement of that attention to those who were sick, and in prison, which afterwards occupied the greater part of sixteen years. Soon after his return to England, he formed a connexion with an amiable young lady, whom he married, and with her assistance he carried into effect various schemes of benevolence, for meliorating the condition of his tenantry and the poor in his neighbourhood. Of this valuable assistance he was, however, soon deprived, by the death of his wife, soon after she had given birth to a son. In 1769-70, Mr Howard paid a third and fourth visit to the Continent, and of which he has left various memoranda, written in a strain of unaffected Christian piety. In 1773, while in his retirement in England, he was created High Sheriff of the county of Bedford. In this office he had numberless opportunities of inspecting the condition of the jails and bridewells under his jurisdiction, of remedying grievances, and alleviating the distress of poor prisoners. The more and more that this benevolent man saw of the condition of the English prisons, he became the more anxious to pursue his investigations all over the country. He proceeded upon tours into the counties of Hertford, Berks, Wilts, Dorset, Hants, Sussex, Surrey, &c. The scenes of misery which now came under his notice were truly deplorable. At Salisbury, just without the prison gate, was a chain passed through a round staple fixed in the wall, at each end of which a debtor, padlocked by the leg, stood offering to those who passed by, nets, laces, purses, &c., made in the prison. At Winchester, Mr Howard saw a destructive dungeon for felons, eleven steps under ground, dark, damp, and close. In it the surgeon of the jail informed him that twenty prisoners had died of the jail fever in one year. One

of the places which Mr Howard inspected in the course of his journey, was the bridewell of Surrey, at Guildford, in which he found neither bedding, straw, nor work. Soon after his return from making investigations into the condition of these abodes of vice and misery, he was examined before a committee of the House of Commons, touching the knowledge he had thus acquired; and, being called to the bar, the Speaker acquainted him that the house was very sensible of the humanity and zeal which had led him to visit the several jails of this kingdom, and conveyed to him the grateful thanks of the house and the country for his benevolent exertions in behalf of the most destitute and outcast members of the community.

Mr Howard continued, throughout the years 1773-74, to inspect the prisons and bridewells of England, and on one occasion extended his tour of philanthropy into Scotland and Ireland. In 1775, he proceeded to the Continent for the purpose of examining the jails in France, Holland, and part of Flanders, Germany, and Switzerland, mostly all of which he found under better management than those in Great Britain. He was particularly pleased with the prisons of Holland, which presented a model which, except in a few points, he wished to have seen adopted in England, and every nation on the globe. He found a good deal of interest in Germany. In the towns in that country, he frequently saw the doors of sundry rooms in the prisons marked, *Ethiopia, India, Italy, France, England, &c.*; on inquiring what such words meant, he was informed that in these rooms, parents, by the authority of the magistrates, confined their dissolute children, answering, in the meanwhile, to the inquiries which might be made after them, that they were gone to whatever country might be written upon the place of their confinement. This seems a strange and harsh arrangement, though we have no doubt many parents in this country would occasionally be glad to have the same ready means of incarcerating their dissolute children. In travelling, Mr Howard lived in the plainest manner; generally carrying along with his luggage a teakettle and other utensils, as well as the materials for making tea, of which he was fond, for its simple exhilarating qualities. At the inns, however, he generally ordered the best victuals and wines, so that there might be no complaint as to his stinginess; but these luxuries he seldom tasted. When he considered himself ill-treated by postillions, he punished them by withholding extra fees; but to show that he did not do so for the purpose of saving money, he sent his servant to gather the poor of the place, and, in the presence of the postilion, distributed among them the sum he would have paid. These traits of character becoming widely known, he, in time, was well known and carefully attended to wherever he travelled. On one occasion, he happened to visit a monastery at Prague, where he found the inmates feasting on a day which ought to have been devoted to abstinence. He was so much displeased with this breach of discipline, that he threatened to proceed to Rome to inform the Pope, and it was only after the monks had made the most humiliating apology, and expressed their contrition, that he promised to be silent on the subject to the head of their church. In 1781, he again departed from England on a tour of philanthropy, in order to proceed through Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Poland, and some other countries in the north of Europe, and with the view of inspecting the prisons and hospitals on his route. Copenhagen, Stockholm, Petersburg, and Moscow, were respectively visited, and in each he collected valuable information on the state of the common jails, and modes of punishment. Having thus visited every state of Europe, whence he could hope to derive assistance for the completion of the great design which animated him, except the two southern kingdoms of Spain and Portugal, he next directed his course thither, and on this journey visited the prisons of Madrid, Lisbon, and other populous towns. This tour being completed, he returned to England, and finished his fourth general inspection of the English jails, preparatory to the publication of a second edition of his *Appendix to the State of Prisons*—a work he had some time before given to the public. When these journeys were finished, he summed up the number of miles which, in less than ten years, he had travelled in his own country, and abroad, on the reform of prisons, bridewells, and hospitals, and found that they formed a total of 42,033. When, in the spring of 1784, Mr Howard laid before the public the result of his minute inspection of the prisons, and many of the hospitals of his own country, and of the principal states of Europe, he retired to his estate at Cardington, in whose calm seclusion he purposed to spend the remaining years of his existence. The benevolent Howard had now nothing to embitter his peace but the conduct of his son, who, having been sent to the University of Edinburgh, and placed under the care of the venerable Dr Blacklock, unhappily contracted habits of dissipation and extravagance, which were his own ruin, and well nigh broke his father's heart.

After having devoted more than eleven years of his valuable existence to the reformation of the jails, and the improvement of the hospitals of his own country, as well as those of foreign states, he determined again to quit his home on a journey of benevolence, more important to the interests of the human race, though fraught with greater danger to himself, than any he had yet undertaken. His plan was indeed the most humane and beneficent that ever entered into the mind of man, for it was to check the progress of de-

vouring pestilence, by inspecting the condition of the principal lazarettos in Europe, and, if possible, throwing a light on that most dreadful of all scourges of mankind—the plague. On this tour of mercy, he visited the Italian states, and from thence passed by sea to Turkey, in which country he examined the hospitals and prisons of Constantinople, Smyrna, and other places. While on this expedition he “succeeded” in getting on board a vessel with a foul bill of health; and while in it at sea, the vessel was attacked by a Moorish privateer; in the engagement which took place, he fought with great bravery, and aided in repelling the attack of the barbarians. When, along with the crew, he arrived in Venice, he submitted to go through the most shocking privations in a loathsome lazaretto, in order to acquire knowledge of the management of those supposed to be labouring under plague. On all these trials his good spirits never forsook him. Being liberated in due course of time, he returned to England, and resumed his inspection of the town and county jails and bridewells. It is mentioned that he frequently exercised his liberality in relieving poor debtors from confinement, by paying their debts. “I have often seen him come to his lodgings,” says the journal of his attendant in most of his tours, “in such spirits and joy, when he would say to me, ‘I have made a poor woman happy; I have sent her husband home to her and her children.’” He was exceedingly methodical in spending his time. He generally declined every invitation to dinner or to supper whilst on his tours; abstained from visiting every object of curiosity, however attractive, and even from looking into a newspaper, lest his attention should be diverted from the grand purpose in which he was engaged.

In 1789-90, Mr Howard again proceeded on a journey, which was the seventh and last, to the Continent, to re-examine the prisons and hospitals of Holland, part of Germany, Prussia, and Russia. His plan was to have spent three years abroad. One object of his pursuit, and perhaps the principal one, was to obtain further information respecting the plague, by extending his visits to those parts of the world in which it rages with the greatest virulence, and on some of whose infectious coasts it is supposed to take its rise. As soon as he had resolved to undertake this hazardous journey, he became impressed with the belief that it would be his last; and when he took leave of one and another of his friends, he did it as one whose face they would see no more on this side the grave. These feelings were sadly verified. The benevolent Howard penetrated in his journey into the deserts of Tartary, to the confines of the Euxine Sea, every where examining the prisons and hospitals, and doing all in his power to alleviate the sufferings of the inmates. At Cherson, in the distant region of Russian Tartary, his visits to the infectious hospitals brought upon him the attacks of a severe fever, a species of plague, under which his constitution gave way. Every attention was paid to him by the authorities, but nothing could save his life, which he gave up with pious resignation and hope, on the morning of the 20th January 1790.—Thus died one of the brightest ornaments of English biography; a person whose name is associated with all that is virtuous and benevolent, and who will be remembered with feelings of admiration and respect for numberless ages, in every part of the civilized world.

TRADITIONS OF THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

MURDER OF LORD LORNE.

JOHN STEWART, Lord of Lorne, when far advanced in life, was a widower, and had three daughters, but no lawful son. By a woman above the common rank, named MacIaurin, he had an illegitimate son, whose name was Dugald. He was a young man of great promise, and had particularly distinguished himself on a recent occasion.

The sons of the chief of Macdougall, by the sister of Lord Lorne, were very desirous of marrying their cousins, the co-heiresses of Lorne, and were assiduous in their attention to their uncle, who resided in the castle of Dunstaffnage, once inhabited by the kings of Caledonia, and still one of the royal palaces of Scotland. They had passed the night at Dunstaffnage, and departed early next morning. But they had not gone far on their way, when they observed a number of boats approaching from the east, crowded with people, with pipes playing, and bearing flags. They found that these boats contained Dugald and his mother; and they soon discovered that old Lord Lorne had resolved to marry the mother of Dugald, and that they were now coming to celebrate the marriage. According to the Scotch law, this marriage would have made Dugald legitimate, and capable of inheriting the ample territories of Lorne. This event would have utterly disappointed the matrimonial schemes of the two nephews, and they instantly formed a dreadful resolution to prevent it. They returned, and asked admittance into the castle; but the door-keeper remarking a very fierce expression in their countenances, first consulted his master, who was displeased at his hesitating to admit his nephews. The door-keeper reluctantly received them; they forced their way into Lord Lorne's apartment, and instantly put him to death, to prevent the intended marriage. The brothers were, however, disappointed in their expectations—the heiresses escaped from Dunstaffnage by night, and carried away the

charters of the estate. They took refuge with the Earl of Argyle, who soon married the eldest daughter; the second was married to Campbell of Glenurchy, ancestor of the Earl of Breadalbane; and the third to Campbell of Ottar.

This murder was committed towards the end of the 15th century. The rock where the two Macdougalls stood when they discovered the approach of Dugald and his mother, and where they resolved to return and assassinate their uncle, is still well known. It is called in Gaelic by a name which, translated, means *The Rock of the Wicked Revolution*.

POPULAR MORALS.†

EVERY thoughtful person finds that inquiries arise in his mind of this nature, What am I? Whence am I? For what purposes do I exist? What is this which is called life? What is the power of thinking? Will the consciousness of being cease when this life ends? If not, will that consciousness relate to the acts done in this life? If so, in what manner, and with what consequences? If I doubt what answers I must give to these questions, why do I doubt? Is it beyond my power to remove my doubts? If I believe nothing of a future state of being as a consequence of the present being, have I done what I ought to do, to inform myself whether this be so or not? If I have a sentiment of being liable to account in a future life for my conduct in this, is it a mere sentiment, or is it founded in reason, and binding on me as a conviction, which I cannot free myself from?

Inquiries also arise in many minds of this nature: If there be a Supreme Being who created and who governs the universe, and who is supremely good and wise, why are the good and wise on earth sometimes subjected to suffering and to sorrow? Why is there, to such persons, so much of pain in body and in mind? Why do disappointments and afflictions fall on those who strive to perform their duty in all things? Why do not the punishments of divine justice fall on those who violate the laws of the Supreme Being? Why is it, that worldly prosperity, respect, and honour, are often bestowed on those who violate all the laws which the righteous Judge of all the earth must have prescribed?

Why is it that man is so commonly the bitter and relentless enemy of man? Why is it that he hazards the destruction of his own property, his own liberty, and even his own life, to destroy property, liberty, and life in others? Why is it that we take pleasure in depreciating the good qualities of others, and in presenting their faults, follies, and errors to the notice of those who were before ignorant of them? Why do we feel emotions of dissatisfaction when others prosper, and regard the welfare of others as though it were a wrong done to ourselves? Why do we mourn over that which is past and which cannot be recalled, and tremble at that which has not come, and which may never come? Why is it that kind acts done to others are frequently forgotten by them, and sometimes regarded by them as a grievous burthen, and sometimes repaid by acts of unkindness, and reproach, and even of injury? Why is it that so much of human life is spent in vain and fruitless pursuits? Why is it, that, when disabled and suffering, in body or mind, that we can so rarely console ourselves with the fact, that we did not cause our own distress? Why is that family connexion (seemingly ordained as a necessary condition of human life) is so often a cause of irritation and vexation? Why are children sometimes inclined to regard parents rather as tyrannical and heartless rulers, than as affectionate and worthy governors; and why are parents sometimes led to regret that they have given birth to offspring, who are fastened on them by ties which cannot be broken? Why is it that unceasing parental care, and the wisest precaution in rearing children, are repaid by that bitter disappointment which must be hidden within the heart, and wept over unseen by any human eye? Why is it, that, when parental care has been successfully applied, and when we see the coming forth of fruits, intellectual and moral, that in one little moment the blast of destruction passes over, and the remaining act is, to close the sepulchre on the remnant of lost hopes and joys?

What is that principle of our nature that compels us to some sort of action; and which will drive us into such as is hurtful to ourselves and to others, if we are not directed to those of an opposite character? Whence comes that sense of disappointment when success has crowned our pursuits? Why is it that one, in the enjoyment of bodily ease, and of worldly wealth, and apparently in command of abundance in those things which the world calls good, and for which mortals submit to unceasing toil, is, sometimes, the most disgusted of all men with life; finding no pleasure in the smiling earth, in the busy haunts, nor any good under the

* From the Literary Gazette.

† Under this title we shall henceforth occasionally give a portion of an American book, which has lately fallen into our hands, and with which we have been much pleased. The original title of the work is, “*The Moral Class-Book*, by William Sullivan, Counsellor at Law, Boston, 1831.” We have found this small volume, on perusal, to contain a far more simple, lucid, and impressive view of the moral duties of man, than any that exists in this country; and we therefore feel that, in transferring it entire to our pages, we are doing a service to our native literature. In many places, we shall be under the necessity of making alterations, for the purpose of adapting the matter to the circumstances of our own country; and in others, we shall endeavour, with all modesty, to enforce opinions of the author, by a few additional observations, always, however, to be indicated by brackets.

gun? Why is it that men need forcible and irresistible powers of government among themselves? Why do those who know that power is difficult to hold, and more difficult to use aright, earnestly desire it? Why is it that those who have power, either do not, or cannot, use it honourably to themselves and beneficially for others? Why are so many of the human race subjected to the most miserable poverty; so many wretched from the misuse and abuse of bodily and mental power; so many deprived of personal liberty; and so many hung up between the heavens and the earth, by order of their fellow men, in the presence of curious thousands, who laugh at the exhibition of death; admire the firmness, or despise the weakness of one who, in full possession of all his faculties, knows, that within a few moments he shall be dead by violence? How does it happen that good and virtuous men, in reflecting on the change which is soon to come, and when the places that have known them will know them no more for ever, do feel a sense of doubt, and even of despondency, as to their future destiny, and would gladly be assured that all they have habitually thought to be true, is unquestionably so?

Inquiries of this nature may be indefinitely multiplied. It is of little use to make them, if there be no answers to them. They have been answered, in general, among the learned, and in a learned manner. Can they be answered to the comprehension of the many, and especially of the young? Let us suppose that no small part of all that we see of folly, error, and crime, and consequent suffering and misery, arises, not from the laws of the Creator, but from ignorance of these laws, or wilful disobedience of them; then it would follow that the remedy lies in making these laws known. When and how is this to be done? Not by leaving to each individual to find out the meaning and force of these laws, through painful experience, and when the consequences of ignorance and disobedience are already fastened on him; but to make them known, before the responsible action of adult life begins. If there be rules for human life, which come from a Law-giver who cannot err; if these rules are laid down for subjects who are entrusted with the liberty of obeying or disobeying, it is inadmissible to suppose that these rules cannot be found out, and made known to all who are to be affected by them.

To disclose these rules and make them operative, is a duty to ourselves, and to each other. The mode of doing it may be differently thought of by different persons. That which seems most likely to be effective is to address human reason, in a simple and intelligible manner, and in such manner that the opening mind may comprehend the truths which are taught. Such is our present purpose. No mysteries will be resorted to; no display of learning attempted. As these pages are intended for the use of young people, we shall address only their good sense. They will be called on to judge by the light of reason wherewith their Creator has blessed them. If the intention with which this work is undertaken be proper and practicable, those who will bestow the time and attention necessary to read end, may, it is humbly hoped, be enabled to answer many of the inquiries before suggested, so far as the enlightened minds which have left a record of their thoughts can assist and guide us in the search after truth.

The design of these papers is to prove that there is a Supreme Being; that he is the Creator and Governor of the Universe; that he created man as we see him to exist, in his earthly frame, in his intellectual powers, and with an immortal spirit; that there is placed within his reach the knowledge of the laws intended for government here; and that life here is connected with an existence, which is to be attained through the House appointed for all that have lived, that do live, and that are to live.

SOMERVILLE'S GUN.

A GOOD deal has been lately written in the newspapers relative to *Somerville's gun*, or the invention by which fire-arms are at all times prevented from going off accidentally. As, however, a regular account of this excellent piece of mechanism has not been given to the world in a popular form, we may now do so, quoting the description given by the inventor, the Rev. John Somerville, minister of Currie, a parish a few miles west from Edinburgh.

"The principle of these methods [there being several] of preventing accidental discharge, consists in calling in the aid of the *left hand*; so that while the ordinary gun in common use can be fired off solely by the action of the right hand, the gun now to be described requires both; the left hand to undo the stop, slide, or catch, by which the gun is locked, and the other to draw the trigger, the same as in an ordinary gun; the *left hand* being equally necessary to work the gun in the field as the right.

Here the inventor begs it to be explicitly understood, that he lays claim to every variation of this principle, however modified or combined, or by whatever name it may be called, in which the operation of the left hand, or the combined operation of both, is necessary to the proper working of the gun in the field. With safeties that are worked by the *right hand* only, the inventor has nothing to do—that is not his invention; but he claims as *exclusively* his, the safety that is worked by the *left hand*, as, previous to his, no other gun was so worked; and the man who borrows or steals from him the operation of the left hand, takes

from him all that is valuable, as the mode of procuring safety by the operation of this principle is almost endless; for, once having got a genuine principle, all the varieties naturally flow from it, as branches from one root, as springs from one source. Accordingly, the inventor can procure safety and dispatch sixteen or eighteen different ways, by the operation of this principle, which, however, can never be changed without destroying the utility of his invention, and losing completely both dispatch and security. Although the principle of operation by the left hand, as now mentioned, may be varied to a great extent, the inventor confines himself at present to the description of the two following methods:

I. The first method, then, here described, prevents accidental discharge by means of a stop, slide, or catch, situate on the trigger-plate, and either lying on or bedded into it, as the gunmaker or sportsman pleases. It is pressed forward into a nick in the trigger by a spring situate behind it, under the strap of the guard, or before it in the inside of the key, and thus prevents the trigger from acting or pressing by any accident on the sear of the lock, by which the gun would be discharged. On the fore-part of the guard, where the hand presses, is a moveable part, called a key, which may be removed at pleasure, and operates on the stop in the act of discharging the gun. When this key is removed, the gun cannot be used till it is replaced.

If the sportsman fires with the left hand forward on the stock of the gun, instead of the guard, then the key can be placed forward to any part of the stock; and in that case the end of the stop towards the left hand must run forward to that part of the stock, and then receive the key. This key, which may be of any form or size, is removable at pleasure.

II. The second method here described prevents accidental discharge by means of a peg screwed into the end of the main-spring next to the swivel, or into the swivel itself. The peg may be also solid, that is, a part of the swivel itself, the end of the swivel being lengthened, and shaped into the form of a peg. This peg, when the gun is fired, passes down through a hole or opening towards the trigger-plate of the gun. The gun is prevented from being discharged by means of a slide opening and shutting the hole at pleasure, through which the peg descends when the gun is fired. This slide is pressed forward into the hole or opening through which the peg passes, in a similar way to the one just now mentioned in the foregoing method. When the gun is fired, the left hand, by a gentle pressure, throws back the slide, and thus lays open the hole in the stock and trigger-plate, and allows the peg to pass downward, and, of course, the main-spring to traverse its full distance. Keys are fixed upon and removable at pleasure from this gun, the same as in the former method just described. For other varieties see the gunmakers' shops.

Having now described this gun, and stated the principle upon which the security is obtained, we now beg leave to mention, in a few words, some of its advantages.

The first advantage, then, which this gun has over the ordinary one in common use, is the *complete security* which it affords against accidental discharge, and the consequent preservation of human life. This is the first and great object of the present contrivance, and in this point of view was first thought of by the inventor. The other advantages which it possesses are all subordinate to this, and come in merely as subsidiary to the main object.

The waste of human life, by the accidental discharge of fire-arms, is truly deplorable. It is not without reason that writers have cautioned sportsmen to be careful in using them, and that parents have felt anxiety about their sons when engaged in field amusements, with weapons in their hands so precarious in the use, and so fatal in their effects. Too frequently the sprightly and spirited youth, in pursuit of pleasure, finds death! Not only every season, but almost every week of every season, brings accounts of the most valuable lives lost in this way. The inventor states it as an undeniable fact, that at an average there are not fewer than twenty to thirty lives, throughout Great Britain and Ireland, lost every year in this way, besides more than double that number maimed and wounded. Now, against such fatalities the gun we are now speaking of presents the most *absolute security*. Any one may be satisfied of this, who will consider for a moment the principle upon which it is constructed. Morally speaking, accidental discharge with this gun is completely out of the question, at least the probability of it is so wide, that perhaps philosophy could not calculate when this gun would be discharged in any other way than by design. If accidental pressure shall touch the trigger, no evil happens, because it is locked; if it touch the key, no evil happens, because the pressure by that time is supposed removed from the trigger. The pressure must be against the trigger and on the key at the same instant of time, otherwise the lock won't work. If the trigger is touched the twinkling of an eye before the key, or the key before the trigger, then no evil can ensue; for, unless touched at the same instant of time, they mutually counteract and support one another, and thus prevent the gun going off.

The second advantage which this gun possesses over the ordinary fowling-piece, is *superior dispatch*. This is evident at first sight, as this invention enables the sportsman to go with his gun full-cocked, and thus, when game rises unexpectedly, saves all the

time lost, as well as detraction of thought occasioned by cocking the ordinary gun, and, consequently, he has only to present and discharge his piece, which he is enabled to do before the gun in ordinary use can be cocked and brought to the shoulder.

The third advantage which this gun has over others, is the *ease and tranquillity of mind* which it necessarily imparts, not only to the sportsman himself, but to his friends, parents, relations, or guardians at home, from the perfect security which it affords him. No man of ordinary feeling can he perfectly at ease when surrounded by his friends with a loaded gun in his hand, leaping walls, crossing ditches, brushing through thickets, underwood, and hedges, when all the while the life of his friends is within the reach of a mortal weapon, and the danger of that weapon guarded against only by the fallaciousness of memory, and the risk increased tenfold by the eagerness of pursuit, and the suspension of thought necessarily occasioned by a species of amusement which, more than any other, lays caution asleep, and occasions that flutter and hurry of spirits from which such fatal accidents generally spring.

The fourth advantage which this gun possesses, is the *sociality of feeling* which it will communicate to the favourite amusement of shooting. In the present state of the ordinary fowling-piece, the writer knows many gentlemen who will not shoot in company, from the uneasiness they feel both on their own account and on that of others.

The fifth advantage which this gun possesses, is the *safety* which one of the modes of it gives to the left hand, in case the gun should burst. All good writers on the subject of shooting strongly recommend the sportsman to press the gun to his shoulder with the left hand close on the fore-part of the bow of the guard. Notwithstanding, this caution and advice are frequently neglected; and the loss or laceration of many a left hand, by the bursting of the barrel, has taught the sportsman the folly of doing so. With the ordinary gun, indeed, a man may fire with his left hand close to the guard, and thus preserve it. With one of the modes on which this is constructed, he must do so, for there the safety-spring is placed, and until it is touched, the locks are immovable.

Nothing is more easily acquired than this mode of shooting, even though the sportsman has been accustomed to fire with the hand forward on the stock. The habit can be acquired by presenting an empty gun for a few times in this way, before going to the field; for, by an instinctive feeling, which perhaps it is not easy to explain, the left hand, after a very little practice, will come as infallibly to the fore-part of the guard, and even without the sportsman being sensible of it, as the right hand comes on the trigger.

With one of the keys of this gun, too, even though the sportsman should persist in shooting with the left hand forward, it will be rendered much safer than with the ordinary gun. This key is affixed to any part of the fore-stock the sportsman pleases, and is so made, that the left hand, which seizes it when the gun is presented, is completely prevented from coming in contact with the barrels, and, consequently, runs much less risk of injury should they burst on being discharged. For this we refer also to the gun.

The sixth advantage which this gun possesses over the ordinary one, is, that it avoids the wear and tear of the locks, necessarily occasioned by perpetually cocking and uncocking the locks of the ordinary gun in the field. With the ordinary gun, the moment the dogs point, or seem to point, both locks are cocked, and if there happens to be no game, or it rises beyond the reach, the gun must be uncocked again; so that with the ordinary gun the sportsman, during the whole day, is perpetually cocking and uncocking his gun. The wear and tear of the locks is thus immense, besides both the trouble and the *danger* it occasions.

The seventh advantage which the writer now states, is, that he thinks a steadier aim can be taken by his mode of holding the gun than in the ordinary way. He is convinced that one great cause of bad shooting is occasioned by grasping the gun too firmly with the right hand, or giving the right hand too much to do in the act of firing. The more easy the right hand holds the gun, and the less it has to do, with the greater precision it will act on the triggers at the proper time. The right hand, therefore, should hold the gun very loosely, and have only one thing to do, namely, to pull the trigger when the gun comes into the proper position to be fired. Now, the gun we are considering admits of this to the fullest extent. With it the left hand, as it were, does the whole work, except pulling the trigger. The safety-spring being worked solely by the left hand, it should press the gun firmly to the shoulder, by which the safety-spring will be unlocked, and thus leave the right hand at perfect freedom, and with nothing to do but merely to touch the trigger when the gun comes into the proper situation to be discharged. Thus, by giving the left hand more to do than in the ordinary gun, and therefore proportionally easing the right, the writer thinks his gun will be held more steadily to the shoulder, a surer aim will be taken, and greater execution done, than with the gun in common use, and in the ordinary mode of shooting.

The last advantage which he now states, is the *security* which it gives to loaded guns when lying in houses, or exposed to the curiosity of thoughtless or ignorant persons. Many a life has been lost by guns having been presented and fired off in a wanton and incautious manner. Such accidents cannot happen

with the present gun. To render it perfectly harmless, it is only necessary to take off the key, which is done by the slightest touch, and then the machinery which locks in the gun cannot be reached, and consequently, cannot be fired. The key is restored with the same ease as it is removed, and thus the gun prepared for being fired, or not, at pleasure."

THE PYRENEAN REPUBLIC OF ANDORRE.

It is not very generally known that there exists an independent little nation among the mountains of the Pyrenees, called Andorre, governed by its own laws, and, in general, unmolested by its neighbours, the French or Spaniards. Of the nature and extent of this isolated community, the *Revue Encyclopedique*, a Parisian literary publication, for 1823, presents its readers with the following succinct account.

Andorre, the common language of which is Catalan, a dialect allied to the Spanish, is a neutral territory, situated on the southern side of that chain of the Pyrenees which forms the boundary of France. Most geographers have, nevertheless, comprehended it in the territory of Foix, with which, indeed, it was formerly not entirely unconnected.

This country, the extent of which is not a ninth part of that of the department of the Ariège, forms a little republic, comprehending the six communities of Carillo, Encamp, Ordino, Massane, Andorre-la-Vieille, and Saint Julien; and a great number of villages or hamlets, all under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of Urgel. The village of Andorre-la-Vieille, from which the valley derives its name, is the chief place, and probably is the most ancient. It is there that the general council, composed of twenty-four members for life, six from each community, assembles. When a vacancy occurs, either from death, or from any other cause, the council nominates a successor from among those inhabitants of the community who have been public functionaries. The general council has two syndics, appointed by itself, who convoked the meetings of the council, and manage the public business.

Before the French revolution, the criminal tribunal was composed of two judges, called Viguiers, one appointed by the King of France, the other by the Bishop of Urgel; to whom were joined six inhabitants of the valley, nominated by the general council. This tribunal was called the Cortes. Each viguier appointed a Bailiff, from a list of six inhabitants presented to him by the general council. Before these bailiffs, all civil suits were in the first instance tried. An appeal lay from them to a judge, who held his situation for life, and who was appointed alternately by the King of France and the Bishop of Urgel. The same suits might ultimately be carried before a third tribunal. That tribunal was either the grand council of the King of France, or the council of the Bishop of Urgel, according as either the king or the bishop had appointed the judge by whom they had been determined in the second instance.

This country had some singular laws, especially as regarded the succession to property. The eldest son took almost every thing, leaving very little indeed for the younger branches of a family.

The police was under the direction of two consuls in each community, who were appointed by the general council, and changed every other year.

The country of Andorre is extremely mountainous, and most of the mountains are covered with forests of pines; it is, besides, not very fertile, and is bristled with rocks. It is watered by several rivers, which rise in it; the principal among them is the Embalire, which receives all the others, and then enters Spain, where it falls into the Segre. At Ransol, in the community of Carillo, is an iron-mine, and there are four forges, at Encamp, at Caldes, at Ordino, and at the hamlet of Serrat, in the last-named community. The hamlet of Caldes is remarkable for its numerous warm springs.

The inhabitants of Andorre have not much arable land, but possess a great many cattle and extensive pasturage. They are in general shepherds. They used to pay four hundred and eighty francs a-year to the Bishop of Urgel, and twice that sum to the territory of Foix. They had a right to import every year from the latter country eighteen hundred loads of rye, and a certain quantity of cattle of every description; as also to import and export, without duty, all goods not prohibited, as well as the produce of the mines.

Every year, on the Sunday before Midsummer-day, they sent a deputation of three members of the general council to the village of Siguer in France, where they took, in the presence of the municipality, the oath of allegiance to the King of France. They also promised not to undertake any thing injurious to the interests of the community of Siguer, to give it intelligence in the event of war, and to furnish with lodging (upon being paid for it) such inhabitants of the village of Siguer as might find it necessary to make a journey into the valley of Andorre. Three of these inhabitants, selected by the mayor, took an oath, to the deputies, of similar import. They then played a game at nine-pins together, and the losers forfeited a tub of wine, which was drunk in the public square. It was remarked that the Andorrans never won the game. On the evening of their arrival, a supper was given them, and they had two meals the next day. The same ceremonies were performed in the village of Miglos. But, what will appear very singular, the inhabitants of the Spanish villages of Alins, Arren,

and Tor, sent, about the same periods, deputies to the village of Viedosses, where they took a similar oath, and were received much in the same manner; with this difference, that the Spaniards did not play at nine-pins; that they had but one supper, at an inn, for thirteen persons, for which they themselves paid; that the deputies and the municipal officers afterwards danced round the village; that they returned to the inn and had a collation, although after supper; that they then renewed dancing for a short time, and that ultimately every one retired. These and similar customs, on which we will not dwell, strongly recall the simplicity of old times.

The Andorrans paid no taxes. They rented the mountains on which they fed their cattle, and the produce of their farms was sufficient to pay all their expenses. Their justice, their police, and their finances, were, for the preservation of good order, placed under the inspection of the intendant of Perpignan.

At the present day they govern themselves as formerly; but in consequence of the revolution, they have become independent of France; and, since the year 1790, the administration of the department have refused to receive their contribution of nine hundred and sixty francs, which they regard as a feudal custom, and will not allow them to come in quest of grain. France gives them neither viguier nor civil judge; their public business is no longer superintended by any of her magistrates; their private differences are no longer carried by appeal to any of her tribunals; and they no longer send deputies to Miglos or to Siguer.

ANECDOTES

PICKED UP IN CONVERSATION.

THE KNOWING SHOPEEKER.

Several years ago, when the north side of Edinburgh had hardly commenced either to be a place of residence or public resort, some ladies of distinction sauntering about in the High Street, one of them proposed a walk to the Meadows, being at that time the fashionable promenade. "I am very willing," answered another; "but first let us call at Milne, the silk-mercer's, merely to divert ourselves by turning over his goods." They were then at some little distance from the shop. Milne, however, though not observed by them, happened to be but a little way behind, and within hearing of the conversation. Being aware of the ladies' intention, he hastened to his shop, so as he might be behind the counter to receive them. The usual routine of a lady's shopping visit passed, in tumbling over the articles, and eager inquiries about prices and fashions. Mr Milne was all civility, though he knew well that no purchases were in view. At last, after gratifying themselves with the sight of every piece of finery worth seeing, they took their leave. "We are much obliged by your attention, Mr Milne." "Well, ladies," replied Milne, "may I now wish you a pleasant walk to the Meadows?"

THE PRECIOUS CAT.

A citizen of Bourdeaux, by his will, ordered a fine horse he had to be sold, and the price given to some religious house. It so happened that all the rest of his effects were barely sufficient to pay his debts, and his widow and some children remained to be provided for. The monks appearing to claim the value of the horse, the widow desired her servant to take it to the market, at the same time directing him how to manage matters. This animal being of an uncommonly good appearance, it was not long before his price was asked. The servant answered, just a pistole. The intending purchaser was astonished at such a low price, and thought the seller was in jest. "Nay," says the latter, "I have brought a little cat which you must buy also, otherwise you cannot get the horse, and its price is no less than 300 pistoles." The money was accordingly paid without scruple, and the priests outwitted.

THE LETTER WRITER, READER, AND CARRIER.

In former times, when reading and writing were more uncommon accomplishments, even in Scotland, than they are at present, a certain person made it his business to travel from one large town to another with packets of letters, which were all of his own writing. Having a general acquaintance among the lower ranks, he offered his services when they had any communications to make to their friends at a distance. After getting his instructions, he proceeded to write their letters himself, and when a sufficient number were collected, he set off on foot with his bundle of intelligence. Having reached his place of destination, he waited upon those to whom his letters were directed, read them over, and solicited their answer. For all this trouble, no doubt, some small compensation was allowed him.

THE INCONSISTENT ADVERTISEMENT.

Two haberdashers in Edinburgh, of the name of A., happened to advertise in the same newspaper. The one of these, Mr D. A., was just opening shop, and, of course, in the usual style, meant to announce to his friends and the public that he had for sale an assortment of quite new and elegant articles. The other advertisement, however, by Mr W. A., was quite of an opposite description; meaning to give up business, he was offering his goods at very reduced prices. After both advertisements were sent to the printing-office, Mr W. A. thought of adding a short

paragraph, notifying that "he was ready to treat with any person willing to purchase his whole stock at so much per cent. below invoice prices, also for his counters, shelves, fixtures, &c." This supplement, in a note addressed to the printer, he requested might be annexed to Mr A.'s advertisement. It was annexed, indeed, to Mr A.'s advertisement, but it proved to be the wrong Mr A. For Mr D. A. no sooner got hold of the paper, than he found he was made a laughing-stock to his friends by the ludicrous effect of the printer's mistake; the first part of his advertisement implying that he was just commencing business, and the latter part that he was ready to dispose of every thing below cost, and even of his shelves and fixtures.

A SUBTERFUGE.

Two chimney-sweepers, coming along a bridge near Manchester, where a toll was levied on foot passengers, found, upon searching their pockets, that their joint stock amounted only to a halfpenny. The one not wishing to leave the other behind, it was agreed to toss up the halfpenny; and the winner, thrusting the loser into his soot-bag, and laying it over his shoulder, passed through the toll-bar, without any additional charge.

A SERIOUS MISTAKE.

Near some little town in North America, a carrier's horse happened to drop down dead. His owner immediately proceeded to the town in quest of a farrier to skin the animal. Not long after, another horse, in a farmer's cart, dropped down also near the same place; the driver, however, being sensible the horse was only in a swoon, went to get some oats in his hat by way of medicine. No sooner had he left his charge than the farrier made his appearance, and, mistaking the living horse for the dead one—as indeed there was very little difference in their appearance—proceeded to the operation of flaying. After making considerable progress, the animal began to revive, and, at the same time, the driver returned with the oats. The consternation of all parties may be easily conceived; but how the matter ended, the American paper, from which this occurrence is copied, does not say.

THE HORNED HORSE.

In Scotland, the male-servant of a country clergyman, known by the name of "the Minister's Man," used to be a person of some importance. One of these having rather an economical mistress, who grumbled particularly the expense of candle light, John contrived at least to make his master sensible of the inconvenience of darkness. It happened one night that the minister, being sent for in a hurry by one of his parishioners, who was taken ill, John thought proper to saddle the cow instead of the horse. After proceeding a little way, the minister turned back, and called out rather angrily, that the horse had got horns. "If there has been a mistake made," answered John, "the mistress must be responsible, as she chooses to send me to the stable always in the dark."

MUSICAL EPITAPH.

At Paris, in 1764, the premature decease of a young nobleman, ascribed to his violent attachment to Mademoiselle Miré, a public singer of a most abandoned character, gave rise to a witty epitaph on him, composed of five musical notes—

mi re la mi la
Miré l'a mi la.—Miré has laid him there.

MILITARY PRECISION.

When the soldiers were employed at the military roads in Scotland, it was remarked that they were so very exact in keeping the time for leaving off work, that one was observed, who had a spadeful of earth lifted from the ground, to let it fall again the instant he heard the first sound of the bell, though it would hardly have cost him any more labour to put it in to his wheelbarrow, which was close beside him.

SECRECY CARRIED TOO FAR.

The Count de V—, Prime Minister to the King of Sardinia, affected mystery so much in all his transactions, both public and private, that, happening to hurt both his legs very severely, he employed a surgeon for each limb, while each was kept ignorant that the other was employed. The treatment, therefore, adopted by the medical men, and the nature of the drugs they administered, being quite inconsistent and contradictory, the consequences proved fatal to the Minister.

COMPARATIVE IMPORTANCE OF A MOTHER AND A COW.

"Weel, Sandy," said a neighbour to a little boy in the south of Fife, whose mother had been seriously indisposed, "how is your mother to-day?" "Deed I dinna ken very weel hoo she is," replied Sandy, scratching his head "but the cow's teen ill, and that's war nor my mither."

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